

BOOKS BASED ON THE TRANSPLANTING OF WOMEN

What Happened When a Brahman Priestess Married
an Englishman and Went to England.

And What Happened When an American Girl Married
a French Marquis—and Learned.

Perennial Interest in Women Alienated From Their
Natural Environments.

WHAT happens when a person—particularly a woman—is transplanted to alien soil and unsympathetic atmosphere has long aroused the interest of novelists, and among the books coming to hand this week there are no less than four based on this interest. The "Daughter of Brahma" (The Macmillan Company, Indianapolis), by John L. A. R. Wylie tells of one who attempts to bridge over the gulf between the East and West—of the love of a young Brahman priestess for a young Englishman and her tragic attempt to fit into his life in conventional English circles; "American Nobility" (E. P. Dutton and Company), in which Pierre de Coulevain, well known as author of "The Branch," gives an infallible and interesting recipe for how an American girl of means—may become the successful wife of a French aristocrat; "The Women" (Duffield and Company), in which Marmaduke Pickthill relates the story of an English governess who finds favor in the eyes of an Egyptian Pasha's son because she is plump and married him, and of how English temperaments meet Mohammedan customs; and "The Wings of Pride" (Harpers), in which the young Kennedy Mable transports a heroine from pleasant living in a social set of New York to hardships in the West.

In "The Daughter of Brahma" the story that underlies the actions on both sides underlying the evil and the good in both East and West, is made felt. And the Brahman, though he admits, "The devil's religion." Who are you to criticize a faith that dates its birth centuries before Christ, that taught mercy and love and truth while the Jews still clamored for a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye, that recognized one Almighty God while your ancestors worshipped wooden idols? Think you of just night's deity? Look at Christ and look at His churches, with their cant, their empty ritual, their greed, their bloody persecutions, their heathen blood—and then, if you dare, criticize a people who have fallen away from the high teaching of the Vedas? The English boy, crippled, shy, unloved by his mother, chafes to see the marriage consummation of the girl child Saravati to Siva, the hideous idol of Revenge—sees her smile of wondering, pathetic pleasure, and holds the mental image. The boy, who has found God in the sunset, is sent to England to school and loses, amid Christianity, the power of worship. So he returns to India, and after bitter struggles discovers to him the path which leads from India to the hidden temple and Saravati. He sees her:

"Saravati knelt before the altar, her back to it, her face turned to the open doorway, her eyes fixed sightlessly on the dark waters beyond. Her eyes were dead. They stared out from the perfect oval of her face like lamps whose flames have been extinguished, and the glow beneath the olive skin and the soft rise and fall of the silken scarf across her breast spoke of the warm flowing life beneath."

She did not see him; her soul was with Brahma—where there is no thought, no passion, no desire, only an endless contemplation. That is the woman the Englishman carries from her sanctuary, making of her an outcast and of himself and his people objects of deadly hatred. That is the woman he carries off to England—to transplant the lotus into the cold tests out of the peace and warm sunshine into the north storm winds.

And he ran for others! Those who do not know have told me my faith is a lie," laments the little Brahman priestess. The inevitable happens. It is very sad to read about, as are all inevitable things. "Pierre de Coulevain's" tale of the complications which arise when an American girl marries a Frenchman, which is generally entitled "American Nobility," is quite different; different in atmosphere, locale, characters, effect, and quite different in treatment. She writes containedly, handles her events in a most orderly manner, and allows her characters to discuss themselves, their neigh-

bors and everything pertaining thereto to their hearts' content. This is a new edition of a book published years ago.

We learn that American women do not come up to duchesses and marchionesses, though, as a rule, when they marry Europeans they become fairly yielding and obedient. The heroine of "American Nobility" becomes such a model French wife.

At about the time that the very wealthy and very sure of herself Miss Villars of Washington Square, New York, arrives in Paris for her first visit, one Marquis d'Anguilhon, who by the right of birth gives an impression of extreme, even ultra refinement, is reckoning up his debts. He has about decided to go to Africa. An alternative is suggested to him and he goes to the Opera to look at her—for the alternative is Miss Washington Square. He decides that he can be capable of falling in love with her and proceeds to do so.

He goes to various friends and talks it over in a gentlemanly manner, and his friends talk it over, and soon the Faubourg St. Germain has decided that the marriage would be the most desirable. It is now time to meet the future marchioness and one evening the American girl notes in her diary: "Saw a live marquis."

The marquis is a good sportsman. He plays a "cold game" and wins. The marriage is an event discussed in all the chateaux of France. The marquis has long had a dear friend, a duchess, and his honeymoon does not prevent his writing her every day. This does not mean that he has managed to fall truly in love with his marchioness, with her brief caresses, her limpid eyes, her cool hands and the sweetness of her love without either art or artifice, but of course he realizes the while that she feels only the material beauty of things, while for him is the spiritual.

The marchioness wonders whether her husband has really been full of indignity, as Americans are taught to believe of European men, but she loves the coronet embroidered on her linen and on her toilet articles and is content.

Of course she feels rather like a widow in Paris, where she finds family life very different from what she has known in America. The marquis does not know this. The duchess is described as an intellectual woman of the sensual type, so that her presence is to the marquis a source of exquisite joy and emotion. And so, as the author puts it, Annie was betrayed as every Marchioness d'Anguilhon had been.

Two years pass and every one is happy. The American marchioness, who had been before her marriage afraid of the widely celebrated French inconstancy, now, characteristically, no longer fears it. Suddenly her suspicions are aroused and the fatal duel of women is on.

With her little democratic hand she administers a rough slap to her aristocratic husband. "Yes, and you were false to all your oaths, to all your promises, just like the most ordinary of men. I do not really know why one should expect to find more honor and more loyalty in the aristocracy than in other classes of society. I am reading French history now and I find that dukes, princes, and marquises have betrayed their country, their kings have treated with the enemy and have been guilty of every kind of infamy."

But this story does not end tragically, even though the marquis appeared his duchess—who had caught him kissing his wife—thus: "The kiss that madened you was only a husband's kiss. Cannot you understand now?" Somewhere in the book the author makes some character utter the belief that Providence sends American girls to France and Italy that they may learn their true role. And the marchioness, passing through her transposition and apprenticeship successfully, learns to accommodate herself to the tastes of her lord and when last heard from is preparing to accompany her aristocratic husband on a little visit to America.

A SHOCKING NOVEL WRITTEN BY A LADY

Elizabeth Robins's story of "My Little Sister" (Dodd, Mead and Company) is called "Intense" in a description affixed by the publishers. It deals with the same shocking subject that engaged the late W. T. Stead in his startling articles regarding the "malden tribute" of London. Naturally in such a tale we should expect to encounter ardors and passions of style and expression, and we have them. The girl who purports to be the story tells how as a child she was possessed with the fear that the little sister, Betsy, was going to marry the devil's lover.

Robins's method in many novels is to begin with which daughters speak the same mothers. Here we remark: "The mother was the most beautiful person I ever seen. Even as quite a child we were dimly conscious of the touch of passion in the look of her face, as though we guessed that she was to grow old. The child who years later records this was one day at the piano playing 'a little waltz tune' entitled 'The Mother's Love.' The mother cried out in a sudden tone, observing that she was not a daisy, to which the child replied, dropping her hands, 'How could you expect me to be as quick as a daisy?' This had to do retrospectively with the Colonel who was feared as an avenging father-in-law.

Robins's story is a few pages to the chapter entitled "A Thunder and Lightning" and an explanation of the little player's outcry. We learn how the Colonel had come visiting, came along, walking in a natural manner, and entered the front yard. The preliminary paragraphs are charged with omen. "Two Sundays in succession," writes the elder sister, "I had not been to church. As we were

going out after lessons on Monday morning a thunder storm came on. So Bettina and I played in the upstairs passage. I remember how dark it grew, although there was a skylight over our head and a window opening on the staircase. We may pause a moment to let it be known that we are glad that the window 'opened' upon the staircase; in most English novels nowadays windows 'give' instead of opening. It is a pleasure to us to find them behaving in the old and fairly approved manner. We like it too when we find it said of frightened people that they 'turn' pale, or 'grow' pale, or that they 'pale.' Nearly always nowadays in the English novels they 'go white.' If our instruction is accurate the ancient Britons went bright blue.

The tale here goes on: "We groped for our playthings in the twilight till quite suddenly the cross of the case, the shadow showed as ink black lines crossing a square of blue white fire. The shadowy stair was fiercely lit, our toys too and our faces. The moment after we sat in blackness waiting for the thunder. Far off it seemed to fall, clattering down some vast incline. Then the rain. Thundering torrents that threatened to batter in the skylight. The mother came in. Col. Dover appeared outside.

"The description is full of vigor. 'Our mother came out of her room in time to receive the next flash full upon her face. I see the light now, making her eyes glitter and her pale flesh glister. She drew back from the window. Her hand on the lightning rod I had seen that she was frightened. I had been frightened, too, till I saw that she was. In the impulse to reassure her my own fear left me. I went to her in that second blackness and put my hand in hers. When I could see again I looked through the steaming window pane as we stood

HUMOROUS, FATALISTIC, SATIRICAL. IDEALISTIC BITS OF WISDOM FROM AN IRISHMAN'S BEAUTIFUL BOOK

"The Crook of Gold," by James Stephens, is a magic potion made up of smiles and tears and fact and fancy—which few but an Irishman could have so well compounded—guaranteed to renew your faith in fairies. Hear some of the things they have to say—the philosophers and children and gods and fairies and human folk he tells about and who speak with the wisdom of simple hearts:

You must be fit to give before you can be fit to receive.
Knowledge becomes lumber in a week, therefore get rid of it.
The box must be emptied before it can be refilled.
Refilling is progress.

A sword, a spade, and a thought should never be allowed to rust.
The toxin generates the antitoxin. The end lies concealed in the beginning. All bodies grow around a skeleton. Life is a petticoat about death.

You get sleepy whether you like it or not. Like many other customs, such as singing, dancing, music and acting, sleep has crept into popular favor as part of a religious ceremonial. Nowhere can one go to sleep more easily than in a church. Quietness is the beginning of virtue. To be silent is to be beautiful. Stars do not make a noise.

Finality is death. Perfection is finality. Nothing is perfect. There are lumps in it.

Beauty is usefulness. The arts as well as the crafts, the graces equally with the utilities must stand up in the market place and be judged by the gommeen men.

A thought is a real thing and words are only its raiment, but a thought is as shy as a virgin; unless it is fittingly apparelled it may not look upon its shadowy nakedness; it will fly from us and only return again in the darkness, crying in a thin, childish voice which we may not comprehend until with aching minds, listening and divining, we at last fashion for it those symbols which are its protection and its banner.

Men are not fathers by instinct, but by chance, but women are mothers beyond thought, beyond instinct, which is the father of thought.

Right is a word and wrong is a word, but the sun shines in the morning and the dew falls in the dust without thinking of these words which have no meaning.

All good people like eating. Every person who is hungry is a good person, and every person who is not hungry is a bad person. It is better to be hungry than rich. When you are hungry you are alive, and when you are not hungry you are only half alive.

Decency is not clothing, but mind. Morality is behavior.

Isn't it wisdom to go through the world without fear and not to be hungry in a hungry hour?

The greatest thing in the world is the Divine Imagination. A man has said Common sense and a woman has said Happiness are the greatest things in the world. These things are male and female, for Common sense is Thought and Happiness is Emotion, and until they embrace in Love the will of Immensity cannot be fruitful. The desire of a man shall be Beauty, but he has fashioned a slave in his mind and called it Virtue. The desire of a woman shall be Wisdom, but she has formed a beast in her blood and called it Courage; but the real virtue is courage, and the real courage is liberty, and the real liberty is wisdom, and Wisdom is the son of Thought and Intuition; and his names also are Innocence and Adoration and Happiness.

A gift is never little.

You have wasted all my time. . . . What else is time for? Boys do things for no reason, and old people do not. That is the difference between age and youth. I wonder do we get old because we do things by reason instead of instinct.

For isn't it true that if there is a good thing coming to a person nobody takes much trouble to find him, but if there is a bad thing or a punishment in store for a man then the whole world will be searched until he is found?

An innocent man cannot be oppressed, for he is fortified by his mind and his heart there him. A man should always obey the law with his body and always disobey it with his mind.

The unimpaired justice of humanity—that justice which demands not alone punishment, but punishment; which is learned in the Book of Enmity, but not in the Book of Friendship; which calls Nature's hatred and love a conspiracy.

But she had discovered that happiness is not laughter or satisfaction, and that no person can be happy for himself alone. So she had come to understand the terrible sadness of the gods. Happiness, that divine discontent which cannot rest nor be at ease until its bourne is attained and the knowledge of a man is added to the gaiety of a child.

I have attained to all the wisdom which I am fitted to bear. In the space of a week no new truth has come to me. There is no longer an horizon before my eyes. Space has narrowed to the petty dimensions of my thumb. Time is the tick of a clock. Good and evil are two peas in the one pod. My wife's face is the same forever. The pine trees take root and grow and die. It's all hush. Good-by, brother.

there and I saw a man sheltering under the chestnut tree at our gate. He lifted his umbrella and seemed to make a sign: 'May I come in?' It was the Colonel.

The daughter, under a strong emotional impulse, declared as much. "Why, there is Col. Dover," she exclaimed. She records that she could have bitten her tongue as a punishment for making this announcement, but we cannot think that her impulsive utterance was heinous. She sets down: "My mother had moved away. She seemed not to hear, not to have seen. I stood half behind the curtain praying God to keep him out. I prayed so hard I felt my temples prick with heat, and a moisture in my hair. A blinding flash made us start back. Almost simultaneously came a shock of sound like a cannon shot off in the house. We three were clinging



George Lee Burton
AUTHOR OF "TALKING MATRIMONY"

Alice Brown
AUTHOR OF "VANISHING POINTS"

Percy Brekner
AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE GRAY SHOE"

together—that is, the widowed mother, the very sensitive daughter, who writes the story, and Bettina, the "little sister" of the title of the tale. The mother observed that the light—the dead Colonel was presently borne in. The recording daughter makes note: "People said the steel fence of the umbrella had attracted the electric current. I knew God had heard my prayer." There is an extra, a subsequent shock in this. The narrative goes on with an attention to detail and an explanation following upon memory. "But in striking down my enemy," the elder daughter writes, "God had struck the chestnut tree. It was given from foot to croch. That was the day I had in mind when I excused my labored playing: 'You expect me to be as quick as God.' The willingness to startle will be observed. It is abundantly observable in the later part of the story.

It is told how the sisters went to London to visit their aunt, a lady whose misfortune or felicity it was to be enveloped in moonshine, and how they were decoyed into "one of the most infamous houses in Europe." It was a wicked and a very bold person who met them at the railroad station, pretending to be their Aunt Josephine. The reader will suspect that only great innocence and great ignorance could have been deceived as the sisters were. The elder sister records: "A wonderful scent had come toward us with Aunt Josephine—nothing the least like that faint, garden smell that clung to our linen from the sprays of lavender and dried verbena our mother put newly each year under the white paper of our wardrobe shelves. Such a ghost of fragrance could never have survived

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and insistent part the story is a cry for the lost Bettina.

The reader who is qualified will accept this tale. As for us, we are far from being qualified. We leave it to the marines, strongly doubting that even those willing heroes will be able to swallow it.

HOW THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE GROWS.

IT is conceded generally that no people have added so copiously to the English vocabulary as the people of the United States, though the concession is often pointed against us in specific regard to our slang. Apart from slang, however, we are creating and assimilating reputable words every day, as is well evidenced by the large number of entirely new words making their first appearance in the forthcoming New Standard Dictionary, announced by Funk & Wagnalls.

There was a time, for instance, when the airplane was unknown, the cabaret show formed no part of our civilization, the catall, étrange, plumet, tangelo, zehra and zehra did not exist. The radiogram is fast displacing the wireless telegram, and although we have gramophone and marconigram, these terms being so to speak proprietary terms, they may perhaps some day be discarded except in the special uses of the companies which have acquired title to them.

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our speech. The publishers of the new dictionary engaged an expert to define these east African terms. Sir Henry Hamilton Johnston, considered the greatest living authority on the subject and formerly Imperial Commissioner for the British Government in eastern Africa. The pronunciation of English has also received particular attention in the new dictionary. Among those on the advisory board are Dr. Philander P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education; Dr. Andrew S. Draper, Dr. William H. Maxwell and Dr. Ella Fitzgerald. The universities on this board are represented by Professors Brander Matthews, Raymond Weeks and Calvin Thomas of Columbia, Prof. Charles Mills Gayley of the University of California, Prof. Theodore W. Hunt of Princeton, Prof. Felix E. Schelling of the University of Pennsylvania and Prof. Alice Vinton Waite of Wellesley.

MISS DAVIES LIKES LUCKY NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Maria Thompson Daviess holds thirteen as her lucky number, and with several good reasons. In the first place, Miss Daviess was born on Friday, the 13th. Her home is in Nashville, Tenn.,

the spelling of which requires thirteen letters. All of her Southern romances have their settings in Harpeth Valley, the most picturesque and flowery section of the Volunteer State, and Harpeth Valley has thirteen letters. The first big book Miss Daviess published was "Miss Selina Lue," a title of thirteen letters. Next came "Soap Box Babies" and again thirteen letters were used. Last spring the author submitted another novel which she called "Melting Molly"—thirteen letters as usual—but the title was changed when the book was published and appeared as "The Melting of Molly." But the good fortune that the original spelling brought to the book evidently remained with it, for it experienced a remarkable sale and was universally popular.

Now comes "Andrew the Glad" as one of the first novels to appear in 1913, and it has thirteen letters in the title too. Not to be overlooked, however, is the author's name itself. Christened Maria Thompson Daviess, her Christian name and middle name are composed of thirteen letters. In all her informal correspondence she signs herself Maria T. Daviess, thus bringing the inevitable thirteen into play again.

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